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In Memoriam.
William Ives Hudington, D.D.
1880

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A. C. ARMSTRONG & SON.

—
1880.

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WILLIAM IVES BUDINGTON.

WILLIAM IVES BUDINGTON was born in New Haven, Conn., on the 21st of April, 1815, graduated at Yale College in 1834, and studied theology at the Yale Divinity School and at Andover, leaving the latter institution in 1839. He was ordained pastor of the First Church, Charlestown, Mass., April 22d, 1840. He resigned his charge in Charlestown September, 1854. For a few months he preached in the Western Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia, and in April, 1855, accepted a call to the Clinton Avenue Congregational Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., in the following letter :

“ PHILADELPHIA, PA., April 20, 1855.

“ To the Clinton Avenue Congregational Church and Society.

“ DEAR BRETHREN : Since receiving your second invitation to settle with you in the ministry of the Gospel as your pastor and teacher, I have been led to think that it was my duty to do so, and by this communication I do now cordially signify my acceptance of your invitation. I am led to this step by a conviction that there is a wide and inviting field of labor around you, and one which it is your mission to cultivate and reap, and especially that there is a readiness to labor, and if need be to bear self-denial, not only among yourselves, but also on the part of other Christian friends not yet united with you. I do now cheerfully and earnestly offer my ministry and pastoral services to a union and co-operation with yourselves, in the humble hope that He whose name we bear, and who is head over all things to the church, will graciously own our poor endeavors to establish a church and house for His glory which shall stand through long succeeding years.

“ I must, however, give expression to my deep consciousness that I shall stand in need of your largest indulgence and your continual prayers that my infirmities may be supplemented by your charity, and be made effectual, through the power of God, to the edification of His church and the conversion of sinners. It is my intention, with the leave of divine Providence, to assume the charge of the pulpit at once, beginning with the Sabbath the 29th inst. And now, relying upon the union of the church and society and the hearty co-operation of the friends of Christ in your neighborhood, but chiefly and above all upon the necessary and indispensable blessing of God, I again signify my acceptance of your call, and subscribe myself

“ Faithfully your friend and servant in Christ Jesus,

(Signed)

“ WM. IVES BUDINGTON.”

Let. 167 May 43 = Breckinridge

He was installed as pastor December 19th, 1855, and remained in the church until 1878, when continued infirmity of health obliged him to suspend his active work.

The disease of which Doctor Budington died was declared in May, 1877, to be epithelial cancer.

There were four different surgical operations performed on his lip : one in August, 1877 ; the second in April, 1878 ; the third, in London, on the 19th of July, 1878 ; and the last, in Brooklyn, November 16th, 1878.

The continued progress of disease compelled the following letter of resignation :

" To the Members and Congregation of the Clinton Avenue Congregational Church.

" DEARLY BELOVED : It has pleased God to lay His hand upon me in bodily affliction, and take from me the ability to discharge towards you the duties of a pastor and teacher. This renewal of the disease from which I have suffered, and so soon after my return home from the vacation you kindly gave me, has come upon me suddenly and unexpectedly, but I desire to bow to the will of God humbly and submissively.

" God has been good to me in all the past years, and He is good to me now in the midst of the pain and disappointment which it has pleased Him to allot me. He has especially comforted me by the kindness and sympathy which you have shown me.

" No sooner did you hear of my affliction than you manifested a readiness to do all in your power to relieve me of anxiety. By the concurrent action of the committee and trustees, and by the unanimous vote of the church and congregation, I was released from all pastoral duties for six months, and you accompanied the resolution with the expression of the hope that by this release I might regain health and strength. You have laid me under obligation no less by the ways in which you have personally remembered me.

" Although I have not been permitted to see your faces, your voices have seemed to break into the silence of my chamber, and I have been surrounded by beautiful and fragrant remembrances of your love. Each manifestation of Christian sympathy has been a solace to me in my enforced seclusion, and I have been sustained by the knowledge that I was remembered in your prayers. But I should esteem myself unworthy of all this affection and confidence, did I not, as soon as I am able, and as frankly as possible, express the conviction which the providence of God has forced upon me that it is my duty to resign my pastoral office, and to give you the opportunity to select another minister. It is true I am now apparently recovering, and am encouraged greatly by my medical adviser, yet the prospect of

my entire restoration is made to depend in part upon freedom from all care for a considerable period of time.

"But you need a pastor at once. The sad and numerous bereavements which have befallen many families of the congregation within the last four weeks make me feel that you never needed one more. Painful, therefore, as it is to me, I feel constrained, in duty to you and to the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom, to ask you to accept my resignation of the office which it has been my honor and my happiness to hold among you for nearly twenty-four years. But it is my comfort to know that this is God's appointment, and I cherish the assurance that He will bless you, and more abundantly, in the coming time.

"I have great satisfaction in the thought that as a church you have not lived to yourselves, but to Christ; that you have taken part in all good work in this neighborhood and in our city, and that your benevolence is spoken of not only at home, but in the ends of the earth.

"May the great Head of the church speedily send you a man full of the Holy Ghost, a true and faithful minister of Christ, loving not yours but you, and ready to be your servant for Jesus' sake!

"Meanwhile my prayer is that your fellowship may be unbroken; that you may stand together in the mutual discharge of your covenant obligations; and that, by united and fervent prayer, you may wait upon God till He send you a man after His own heart. I do not bid you farewell. I hope still to be with you, if not as your pastor, as one who can never forget that he has been your pastor, and whose dearest hope it is to spend an eternity with you under the care of the Shepherd and Bishop of our souls.

"Accept the assurance of my love to the congregation and to each member of the congregation, and believe me your grateful and affectionate pastor,

"WM. IVES BUDINGTON."

BROOKLYN, December 17, 1878.

At a special meeting of the church held January 22d, 1879, the letter of resignation was read, and the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously passed:

"Whereas, Our loved and honored pastor, Rev. William Ives Budington, D.D., constrained by the pressure of prolonged physical weakness, disabling him from further bearing the burdens and meeting the requirements of the onerous pastorate, has felt compelled to withdraw from all active duties and submit his resignation of them to his church and congregation; and,

"Whereas, We as a church and society have been called to take a formal action upon the letter, which now, as when we first heard from our pulpit its tender and touching words, awakens our deepest regret at the providential necessity which called it forth; therefore,

"Resolved, That profoundly impressed with the conviction that the interests of His church are dearer to the great Head of the church than they can possibly be to any of His followers, we bow with resignation to the stroke that takes from us the pastor and friend whose loving care and guidance we have so long enjoyed.

"Resolved, That we cannot express too strongly our gratitude to that kind Providence that, in the early history of our church, selected and sent to it one to take the spiritual charge of this enterprise in our new and growing part of the city, so admirably constituted by nature and by grace to meet its requirements; by education and conviction devoted to the principles and the ancestral faith of the founders of the church; by experience and preparation of heart and mind qualified to counsel, to comfort, to instruct; by refined and cultured sensibilities, by quick and responsive sympathies, and by ready and eloquent utterance, gifted with the power of personally attracting friends and parishioners. To him, under that Providence, do we owe it that the feeble church has become such a power for good in our city and denomination. Under his wise and faithful and loving care the spacious edifice which we entered soon after his installation, and in which we were but a handful, has been filled with attentive worshippers. The membership which called him has been increased seven-fold. The enterprises and activities of the people, originated or stimulated by his thoughtfulness, have been multiplied and developed till their influence and benevolence have carried their refreshing visitations far beyond the bounds of the parish; while the church, educated for nearly a quarter of a century under his ministry, has become rooted and grounded in the faith, vigorous in maintaining its own institutions, and prompt to encourage and aid those less favored in bearing their burdens. Surely for such a ministry our profoundest gratitude is due.

"Resolved, That while grateful that our pulpit has been honored by a sound and learned theologian, an earnest and effective preacher, and an eloquent and ready advocate of every interest of humanity and of the cause of Christ, we cherish as still dearer and more precious the privilege of being so closely associated with a pastor, true and noble as a man, with a warm and loving spirit, full of tender sympathies, whose hand, whose heart, whose home was always open at our call. In our homes he has been a welcome friend; while in times of trouble, by beds of sickness and in hours of affliction and bereavement, he has been to us the angel of mercy and consolation.

"Resolved, That remembering the past with undying affection, and grateful for the life-work whose results have secured for us the strength and success we now enjoy, while regretting the necessity that compelled the resignation from active duties of our pastor, we accede to what we believe to be his sincere request, with the understanding and the hope that he will continue to honor us by remaining with us as

pastor *emeritus*; which position we cordially entreat him in love to us to assume, trusting that we may continue to share the benediction of his presence, his sympathies, and his prayers, while we may still enjoy the privilege of lifting our prayers for him to God who gave him to us, and who, we trust, will continue to him and his beloved wife the sustaining comfort and consolation of that Gospel he has so long ministered to us, the people of his charge."

And to this action of the church Dr. Budington made the following answer:

"To the Church and Society of the Clinton Avenue Congregational Church.

"DEARLY BELOVED: I have received a copy of the preamble and resolution unanimously adopted by you at the special meeting held on the 22d day of January, in which you have in the kindest possible terms released me from the active duties of the pastorate, and tender me the appointment of pastor *emeritus* for life. I thank you for what you have done, and not less for the manner in which you have done it. Your words have been precious beyond expression to my heart, and will be treasured in my memory as long as I live. Notwithstanding I am deeply conscious how far short I come of meriting the language you have employed respecting me, I value it none the less as an expression of your love for one who has been permitted so long to minister to you in the name of Christ; and I accept with gratitude to you, and to Him who has inspired your hearts, the position of pastor *emeritus*, which, releasing me from the duties of a pastor, nevertheless gives me the name, and permits me to cherish the sentiments belonging to so tender a relation.

"I pray you also to accept my thanks for the generous salary you have since voted for the ensuing year. The unanimity with which all this has been done has left me nothing to desire, and I can only assure you, my dear people, of the heartfelt thankfulness and love I bear you, singly and collectively. The fact that both in the resolutions you have passed and in the office you have created you have far exceeded my deservings, seems only to increase my respect and affection toward you; for I recognize in your action toward me, as your minister, the love you bear to the great Head of the church, and the reverence you cherish for the church and the ministry He has himself instituted. To His dear name be all the glory.

"I remain, with most grateful sentiments,

"Your affectionate pastor,

"WM. IVES BUDINGTON.

"BROOKLYN, February 26, 1879."

He died in Brooklyn on Saturday, November 29th, 1879, at 10.30 A.M., and was buried in Greenwood on the 2d December, 1879.

FUNERAL SERVICES, AT THE CLINTON AVENUE CON- GREGATIONAL CHURCH.

The stenographer can make an accurate record of the spoken words, and all he can do is found in the following pages; but the inspiration of the burial service cannot be written. The day, one of singular beauty, balmy and bright, the vast and sympathetic audience, the spirit of the occasion, transforming the customary grief and sorrow into the elevating, sanctifying, triumphant joy—all attest the power of that endless life which though dead yet speaketh, and remains on earth a living force in the hearts of men.

The body having been attended from the residence to the church by the family of Dr. Budington and the officers of his church and society, the public services were conducted in the following order:

CHANT BY THE CHOIR:

Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord from henceforth;
Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their
works do follow them.

Our days on earth are as a shadow, and there is none abiding;
We are but of yesterday: there is but a step between us and death,

Man's days are as grass: as a flower of the field so he flourisheth;
He appeareth for a little time, then vanisheth away.

Watch! for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come:
Be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man
cometh,

It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good;
The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the
name of the Lord.

Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord from henceforth;
Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their
works do follow them.

OPENING PRAYER, BY REV. DR. A. S. HUNT.

O God, our Father! Thou hast summoned us this day unto thy presence, and we lift up our cry unto thee for a blessing.

Our hearts are burdened and subdued, for thou hast taken from our fellowship on earth one who thou didst cause to be a blessing to us in the years that are gone. O Lord! We beseech thee to draw near to us while we wait in thy house. Give us thy Holy Spirit! Direct the services of this solemn hour so that we may be soothed and comforted. May all that find expression here be helpful to us, and, if it please thee, so direct the thoughts of our hearts which find no expression that they may prove more helpful still.

Let us so wait before thee, in humility and penitence and faith, that we may receive thy richest benediction.

Hear us, O our Father! and make known to us the joy of thy salvation, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

HYMN, READ BY REV. A. J. LYMAN.

Oh, cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All this wide world, to either pole,
Hath not for thee a home.

Behold the ark of God!
Behold the open door!
Oh, haste to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

There safe thou shalt abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest;
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

SCRIPTURE SELECTIONS, READ BY REV. A. H. CLAPP, D.D.

As touching the resurrection of the dead, have ye not read that which was spoken unto you by God, saying, I am the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob? God is not the God of the dead, but of the living. Jesus saith unto her, Thy brother shall rise again. Martha saith unto him, I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day. Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die. Let not your heart be troubled. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also. I am the way, the truth, and the life. Because I live ye shall live also. Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me.

But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death. Behold I shew you a mystery; we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ. If we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.

The Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together

with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air ; and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words.

Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection ; on such the second death hath no power, but they shall be priests of God and of Christ, and shall reign with him a thousand years. I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth ; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more : neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat ; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters ; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. And they shall see his face ; and his name shall be in their foreheads. And there shall be no night there ; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light : and they shall reign forever and ever. And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain ; for the former things are passed away.

I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day ; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.

ADDRESS, BY REV. T. L. CUYLER, D.D.

We are assembled in the house of God ; but in the presence of this slumbering man of God it seems indeed as if it were the "gate of heaven." Many things crowd upon me now that I would fain say if I let my heart out. But I should do great violence to my own feelings and the feelings of that neighboring church that I now represent if at this time I were to remain silent. For nearly

twenty years this beloved brother and he who now addresses you have been neighbors and brethren, bound together in strongest ties of Christian labor and personal affection; and the churches have so intermingled that they are not so much like twin churches as one flock with denominational differences thin as paper, but an unity as deep and strong as the love of Him who died for us. These twenty years have given me constant opportunity for the most careful observation and study of this beautiful life that has now passed into the life of the heavenly world. I saw his going out and his coming in, by day and by night, year after year, all through these the last years of his life.

Others will follow me this morning and speak of Dr. Budington's pulpit gifts and services in the Church of Christ. I have preferred to simply speak of him as the shepherd of this flock. Dr. Budington was the very prince of pastors. Sometimes the pride of a congregation is excited by brilliant pulpit performances—the love of the people can only be won by pastoral fidelity. He chose "the better part," and continually came to this pulpit as a workman, thoroughly furnished with God's truth for God's work; yet he felt that his great hold here was that deep, unchangeable, immovable hold on the people's hearts. He went in and out among them as one of them—he went on his way of love on his pastoral visits. His idea of a church was just simply the primitive one—a fold, a flock, a shepherd. The feeding-place of the fold was this pulpit. He fed them with the finest of wheat. The flock was scattered through these streets and avenues. Wherever the flock was the shepherd was—from house to house and from heart to heart he made the pilgrimage of love for nearly a quarter of a century, and when crape was on the door, and heart-break in the chamber, our brother was there with his tender ministrations—not merely in a cold perfunctory manner, but mingling his tears with theirs in the house of sorrow. Those of us who have an empty crib at home will recall how we were comforted by his words of tenderness. He was a shep-

herd that never overlooked a single one, not even the humblest and poorest. Dear brethren and sisters of this church, how continually through all these years to come you will recall his gentle courtesy, his kind benignity, his well-ordered speech, the words which he spoke in wisdom and in love! His power was peculiarly heart-power. He was faithful as a pastor, was assiduous in his humblest duties, was constant in his devotion to your interests, and he has reaped his reward. If he was lovable, you loved him.

When Paul was in captivity for Christ at Rome, he wrote to his faithful brethren at Philippi: "I rejoice in the Lord greatly that your care for me has flourished again." The literal reading of that passage is: "I rejoice in the Lord greatly, that your thought for me has blossomed out afresh." How truly could that beloved brother say of this church: "I rejoice greatly that your thought for me has blossomed afresh"! Your love for him was perpetually in full bloom, the fragrance of which sweetened yonder dying chamber, and made death seem easy as he went home to his reward and crown of glory. How tenderly you all felt for him, for you knew his bodily infirmities—you knew what burdens he had to carry as pastor and preacher and laborer for the interests of Christ. Three several times do I recollect you released him from this pulpit, when worn down with labor, and sent him across the ocean. It was my privilege to be his companion on one of these visits across the sea; and as I recall his conversations, his refined amenities, his honest truthfulness, his transparent upright character, through which you could see clear down to the bottom of his soul, I can say honestly here, that while I have been permitted to have met many great and good men, I have never known a nobler man than William Ives Budington.

To write a good sermon requires often but a few hours; to write a good book requires a few months or years; but to write a good example requires a lifetime. For all these long years our brother has been steadily weaving and working out an example of godliness which he leaves to

the Clinton avenue congregation and the churches of this city. Pure of heart and honest of speech and circumspect in life, his example was a constant study for the members of his flock, while in his pulpit he was an example of supreme devotion to every line of that Book of Heaven. In the pulpit his was a noble example of loyalty to God's revealed Word. His example before this community was one of unblemished and holy conversation. The last chapters of his beautiful life have been written in secret; the last pages have been blotted with the tears of this sympathizing people. Our God ordered that he would serve Him before men. The pain that he suffered in yonder dwelling is known only to Him who can temper the sharpest wind to the shorn lamb. So it was to be that the last legacy was to be an example of quiet, submissive patience. While disease was slowly devouring this frail tabernacle, his soul was longing to break its earthly camp and to be with Jesus. Last Saturday morning, while the sands of time were sinking, the dawn of heaven burst in upon yonder darkened chamber of death. For days and days and days anxious enquiries were made at that door; tributes of flowers were sent in, but he could not see the gifts. All that was an outward tribute to one who had passed knowing what you were doing and what you were saying. For the last few hours his spirit seemed to be behind a veil of bodily infirmity, and then gently, quietly, sweetly it left the tent, and the spirit went home "to God who gave it," and unto that precious Jesus who died to redeem him. The city mourns to-day, the Church of Christ mourns to-day, yet rejoices in such a life and in such labors. Under this sunny sky you will carry my brother for the last time, from the scenes of his fidelity and his godly influence. When he is gone his name will linger here. It will be "Dr. Budington's church" for many long years to come. His monument is here; his record is on high. As you go forth to lay him down in his resting-place at Greenwood, where he so often mingled his tears with yours in your afflictions, his dust will mingle with the dust of his beloved flock. He will sleep close beside them, and he wil

"break ground" for them on the Resurrection morn!
 Bear him out from this loved spot gently! Carry him
 tenderly, for ye are bearing "a temple of the Holy Ghost!"
 I am only voicing the inmost thoughts of all this mourn-
 ing multitude when I say—

" Brother, accept our parting song;
 Earth's road was short, Heaven's rest is long;
 The Lord brought here, the Lord takes hence:
 This is no place of permanence.

" And open wide, thou Gate of Peace!
 And let our brother's journey cease;
 Let us smooth a narrow couch, dear neighbors,
 For slumbers won by life-long labors."

ADDRESS, BY REV. J. CLEMENT FRENCH, D.D.

" How is the strong staff broken, and the beautiful rod !"

I looked in the morning paper and saw these words, "Entered into life;" but before my eye had fallen upon the name, my mind had shot swifter than a ray of light to the opening heavens, and my heart had exclaimed, "A Christian has been translated and glorified." Another glance, and I knew that he whom I had known and honored and loved for more than twenty years, my neighbor, my friend, my companion, my counsellor—at once my Christian brother and father—had reached the first goal of immortal being. When the saintly Owen drew near that open gate, a brother in Christ entered his room and exclaimed, "I am so glad to see that you are still in the land of the living." To whom the blessed saint, fixing on him the eyes in which already beamed the light of the near eternity, and lifting his emaciated finger heavenward, said, "I am still in the land of the *dying*, but I am going to the land of the living." If those lips which for nearly a quarter of a century proclaimed the truth, and the power of Jesus Christ to transfigure these mortal lives into the beginning of a deathless existence, could have spoken but

one single sentence in these last moments of transition, they would have sealed the faith of his life-long ministry and echoed the words of the saint: "Weep not for me, for *I* am going to the land of the living." Beloved brethren, God sometimes puts a special emphasis upon men. He sometimes underlines them; he prints them in capital letters. They would be marked *anywhere*. Their inner life and force would flash out under all circumstances, under all suns, in all times, making them distinguished and remembered. This man of God was born to bring strength and beauty into the sanctuary of Jesus Christ: the strength of a thoroughly cultured intellect, masterly in its methods, and the beauty of a godly, symmetrical life.

I do not stand here this morning to name his virtues. It would seem like painting and praising the sunlight in that sphere which is filled with its effulgence to-day. If you seek for his monument, look around you! The walls and gates of this Zion, built first for the Master Jesus Christ, the glory of the Father, and next for him the under shepherd; this gathered multitude to-day, so many of whom have been taught and trained and warned and wooed and won through him to the hopes of the Gospel of Christ; these other throngs that have felt the outreaching arms of his influence, and have come here, each with a little leaflet to weave into the garland of his honor; this city of Brooklyn, which has been made to feel his mental power and moral worth; the land, and the church universal, that have his name and fame in lasting keeping, and will build many a monument and many a tablet in loving hearts and homes. Oh! we have all lost a dear and treasured friend and counsellor; but only for a time. Remember those words, "*entered into life*." Do not many of you remember that last communion service in this church—upon the second day of last March? This altar here? Do you not remember that voice, at first a little tremulous; that form, at first a little bowed; those words, at first too full of rushing memories and gushing feeling to be assured and fluent, but then as he seemed to feel through

the dim rapt mystery about him, and as the spirit seemed to eye with eagle gaze the noon of Heaven undazzled by the blaze, and visions of eternity seemed sweeping down to his view, the rising strength, the nervous fire, the more than terrestrial thrill that swept along the current of his words, and made us feel the dread solemnity of living and the awful nearness of the eternal world? Do you not remember how he spoke to us of his *own* Gethsemane, as all alone he had struggled up to that height of absolute and sweet submission which then could say, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt"? The foot of Jacob's ladder was here that day. Angels were descending and ascending before the gaze of our faith. There was a contest then and there in that great soul, and a victory too, grander far than any that was ever won at Austerlitz or in the Coliseum of Vespasian! And now this man so low is a conqueror, nay! he is a king, ay, more than all, a son. Then what mean these draped and pendent symbols? what means this solemn hush upon all this assemblage? what mean these checked or choking sighs? What mean these warm tears dropping even now from so many loving eyes? Do they mean insubmission? yearning protests? Do they mean sorrow as without hope? Nay, nay! but they do mean chastened grief, that we may no longer dwell in the sunshine of his presence—no more listen to his words of wisdom, his messages of truth, to the greetings of his brother love—that we shall no longer see his elastic footsteps upon the street, and the cheering radiance of his smile. Whoever may have differed from him in judgment or feeling, we doubt not to-day will cast every memory thereof, with the evergreen leaf, in the open grave. Oh, I would to God that a whole race of such men might rise up to proclaim, defend, and magnify the truth of the Eternal Word.

I cannot think, I cannot feel that this man now before me is he, so still, so cold, so low. Beloved mourners, it is not he, it is only the clay. All that we most prize, all that is most precious and beautiful in those we love, sur-

vives their dying. The grave takes only the broken shell,
the snapped fetter. God has the freed, the deathless soul!

“ Oh change! Oh wondrous change!
Burst are the prison bars;
This moment here, so low in mortal prayer,
And now, beyond the stars!
Oh change, stupendous change!
Here lies the senseless clod;
The soul its bondage breaks: the new immortal wakes,
Awakes with God.”

HYMN, READ BY REV. H. M. SCUDDER, D.D.

Rest for the toiling hand,
Rest for the anxious brow,
Rest for the weary, wayworn feet,
Rest from all labor now;—

Rest for the fevered brain,
Rest for the throbbing eye;
Thro' these parched lips of thine no more
Shall pass the moan or sigh.

Soon shall the trump of God
Give out the welcome sound,
That shakes thy silent chamber-walls,
And breaks the seal'd ground.

Ye dwellers in the dust,
Awake! come forth and sing;
Sharp has your frost of winter been,
But bright shall be your spring.

'Twas sown in weakness here;
'Twill there be raised in power;
That which was sown an earthly seed,
Shall rise a heavenly flower

ADDRESS, BY REV. WM. M. TAYLOR, D.D.

At last the long agony is over, and our beloved brother is at rest. We shall miss him much, and yet it was with a sense of relief, and with an emotion of gratitude to God, that we heard that he had stepped out of the river which he had been so long crossing, on to the other shore.

Others must speak about my friend's long public labors : it is mine to refer to him rather as he was to me, in those seasons of closest intimacy when the hearts of true friends touch each other, and each feels the other's throb. When, now a little more than eight years ago, I first visited this city, to fill a little space in the pulpit of my friend who sits at my side, I came more frequently and closely into contact with Dr. Budington than with any other clergyman of this country. He called on me, and took me out for drives to see the places of interest—talked with me of men and things on both sides of the Atlantic, of sermons and texts, and homiletic methods, and pastoral experiences, and church measures, with all the enthusiasm of a theological student, combined with all the wisdom of one who had been thirty years in the ministry. When, so unexpectedly to myself, I was called to the Tabernacle Church of New York City, it was both natural and appropriate for me to ask him to give me the "right hand" of welcome on the evening of my installation. How much of his heart he put into that hand, those who were present on that occasion will remember. I think I feel its warm grasp now, and hear the loving sentences with which he accompanied it; and to-day it seems to me that he has but gone before me a little while into the better land, to give me, ere long, in that new world, as in this, another welcome to the Church of the First Born.

The qualities of character which impressed me on my first acquaintance with him were those which came out more decidedly and conspicuously the longer I knew him. He was pre-eminently a devout man. I think he helped me in some measure to realize what it means to "walk with God." There was no violent transition needed to bring him from the secular to the sacred. Rather the secular seemed always to be sanctified to him, by the word of God and prayer. He understood and manifested the spirit that is beneath the words "Pray without ceasing" more than any man I have ever come in contact with. When we were with him we felt that the Master was not far away.

But this devoutness did not destroy his cheerfulness. It only elevated and sublimated it, so that when you left his society you could look back upon your hours of fellowship with him without having them marred with the remembrance of one word which you would have wished to forget.

I was struck increasingly, as the years went on, with the Christian gentlemanliness of his deportment. He had studied the command of the apostle, "Be courteous." There was always about him a fine sense of propriety, and a chivalrous consideration for the feelings of others; and this was no mere superficial thing—a thin veneer, overlaying quite another disposition—but rather the genuine expression of the true nature of the man. When my honored predecessor published his book on "Church and State in America" he dedicated it to Dr. Budington as the finest specimen of a Christian gentleman with whom he was acquainted; and everybody who knew him must have been struck, I will not say with the generosity, but with the justice of that tribute.

But though he was "dowered with the love of love," he was also endowed with "the scorn of scorn." Few men hated meanness and duplicity as he did. He was a good hater, in the sense of hating that which is wrong. But the dominant quality of his character was an unflinching courage. He was one of the bravest men I have ever known; and his courage, so at least it seemed to me, was not that of mere constitutional temperament, far less that of the man who has not fully counted the cost of his course, or the magnitude of the difficulties he has to meet; but it was that of deliberate conviction. He adhered to the truth, because of his loyalty to Him who said "I am the truth." No matter what personal interests intervened, or what opposition he had to face, he would not flinch. His motto might have been "*Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amica Veritas*;" and I delight to recall those occasions on which he rose superior to all fear of consequences, because he felt that he was on the side of God.

And now this earnest pastor, eloquent preacher, devout

man and faithful friend has gone. The magnitude of our loss to-day is the measure of our consolation, and we can thank God that "we shall see him again, and our hearts shall rejoice."

ADDRESS BY REV. R. S. STORRS, D.D.

I do not think it will seem strange to any present that it was with a singular reluctance that I yielded to the request of our friend who has gone, and of those who have held him in their heart of hearts, that I should say a few words this morning.

My acquaintance with him began many years ago—earlier than that of most here present. That acquaintance ripened fast into perfect confidence and affection. That confidence and that affection have never for a moment been impaired, or interrupted; and since his death was announced the city has seemed changed to me. A light has vanished from the streets—the light of his benignant and welcoming face. A music is silent in the air—the music of his always cordial and animating voice. Indeed, my Friends, I should sit there at this service, and not be standing here to speak!

And yet we may all rejoice together that we are not here to say "Farewell," as if forever, to him whom we have so thoroughly trusted, and so long and tenderly loved. I remember the pleasure with which years ago he showed to me the Latin line which Henry Alford, Dean of Canterbury, had directed to be inscribed upon his tombstone in the church-yard of St. Martin's: "*Deversorium viatoris Hierosolymam proficiscentis*"—The resting-place of a traveller, on his way to Jerusalem. I think of those words now, as I look upon his coffin. I shall think of them again, as I stand beside his grave. They might be appropriately inscribed on any monument which you hereafter may build for him—"The resting place of a traveller, on his way to Jerusalem!"

I bade him Good-bye for a time, years ago, on one of

those visits of his to the Old World, to which Dr. Cuyler has referred, when he was anticipating the delight of seeing the Holy Land, of seeing Jerusalem, the city of David, the city of the Lord's redemptive death, over which to his imagination was still flung the shadow of the cross, over which to his ardent mind still shone the splendor of the ascension. I bade him Good-bye then, in the confident hope of seeing him again, by God's kindness; and the hope was fulfilled. None of us, who heard him after his return speaking of those scenes, will ever forget the eager, impassioned, and eloquent utterance, in which he was wont to tell of Zion and Moriah, of Calvary and Gethsemane, of the Mount of Olives, and of Bethlehem beyond, and of all the land, memorable and sacred, in which these are central.

I now again bid him Good-bye, but only for a little, as he goes up to the heavenly Jerusalem, in the hope, more assured than before, of seeing him again! I shall go to him, though he shall not return to me. And when we see him again, my Friends, can we not almost anticipate the eager, fervent, kindling utterance, in the celestial speech, in which he will tell us of the wonders and glories of the city above, in which the Lord is not crucified but crowned; where the millions of the saints have taken the place of the few disciples; and from which they go no more out! How much he might tell us of it now, and of all the heavenly realms of life which spread around it, if our ears could but hear his remembered voice! if he could but speak to us what it is in his heart to tell! No! I do not bid him "Farewell," but only "Good-bye for a time."

For years to come his benignant and commanding presence will be with us who loved him, almost as if again we saw it. It is true, indeed, that he rests from his labors, while we still tarry on the earth. He rests forever, in a serene and supreme tranquility which we cannot, as yet, prefigure, the fulness of which he only knows. How sweet that rest must be to him, after long weariness, wasting, pain! There is a song which they alone know who have come unto God out of great tribulation. In fulness of

light, and liberty, and peace, he rests henceforth, forevermore! But his works do follow him—or follow with him—as the Scripture affirms. It is not merely in the remembrance of them which he carries with him to the sky, though that remembrance of every high and noble work shall be to him an immortal reward. It is not merely in the rich preparation which they have wrought in him for the services and offices to be opened to him above, though how great these may be the Scriptures seem to intimate to us. What does the Master mean? “Thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.” Greater works than are possible on earth, to be accomplished with greater powers, amid grander opportunities, seem here to be promised to the servant of Christ.

What closer and sweeter sympathy with the saints, and with the Lord, shall he also carry with him from his work on earth, through all that character, consecrated, unselfish, Christlike, which here was wrought in him, and which has been so touchingly referred to! Especially what sympathies, through the suffering which he bore! He had indeed his Gethsemane on earth. It brought him nearer to his Master. We seek to enter into sympathy with Christ through some sudden emotion, some rapture of feeling, some ecstasy of vision. We do come nearest Him through labor and endurance, as far as may be resembling His own; through some supreme work wrought out by us, against all difficulty and all resistance, for His dear sake. We come to Him more closely still through our experience of a sorrow and a submission which are kindred with His own. And this shall be our Brother's joy in heaven!

So his works still forever follow with him, while the influence and the memory of them will continue to abide with us on the earth, in years to come,—like the radiance flung up by the sun on the sky, long after the orb itself has sunk from sight beneath the horizon.

Every really noble life, pure, high-hearted, and beneficent, becomes a permanent power and blessing in civili-

zation. A life like his, with such a spirit within it, could not be otherwise than impressive to all who came under its influence. He was a man of remarkably brilliant and engaging mental parts, accomplished in many knowledges, conversant with the best literature, thoughtful, reflective, suggestive in conversation, beyond most men whom I have known. He was a man, at the same time, of a remarkably sensitive and imperative moral nature, to whom duty took almost visible presence and form, and to whom its commands were of unquestionable Divine authority. He was a man of most generous, sincere, and tender affections, sympathetic with others, beloved by them in return. Reference has been made to the dedication of one of his books by Dr. Thompson to Dr. Budington. It happens to be known to me that after the death of Dr. Thompson's son, in the army, during the war, his friends went to him and said, "We will get any one whom you may desire to supply your pulpit on the next Lord's day; whom would you choose?" And with eyes streaming with tears he said, "Of all the men, in all our pulpits, I would rather have my dear brother Budington with me to-morrow." He knew the tenderness and the strength of that most affectionate and loyal heart.

He was a man of the most earnest desire to know the truth, always, in every direction and department of thought, and of a really intense desire to discern and to honor righteousness in his life; a man gifted with a profound sense of spiritual things; in whom was a most adoring love for the Divine Lord; and who was, by nature and by culture, of such a sympathetic, aspiring, stimulating spiritual nature, that no one ever came into contact with him without feeling animated and refreshed by his far-reaching and quickening words. He was like "the cloud which moveth altogether, if it move at all." I have known many men eloquent, capable, wise; I never knew a man who more entirely kept, as it seemed to me, that precept of the apostle, "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest [or honorable], whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever

things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if here be any praise, think on these things."

His soul was filled with sweetness, loftiness, purity of thought; and so it was, as our brother has said, that "he walked with God." His fellowship with the Divine was a condition of his influence over men. His mind came upon the minds of others with a swift impact, born of the conviction and the enthusiasm within him; and it moved them often profoundly. So his life went with intensity into his work. In this church, in the city, in all the community, wherever he touched it, his influence was felt. How long shall it here continue to be felt and vividly remembered! His very conversation, how long we shall remember it! How eager and animating it was, as he went with eager discursive thought into far ranges of knowledge and suggestion; and how enamored he was of that interchange of thought! His mind kindled in it; was prompt to give, as well as glad to receive. In his sermons, and public discourses, too, there was this same strong, earnest, consecrated personality. His sermons might not always strike with immediate force the minds of the multitude, in a mixed congregation, but they found elect hearers who were greatly impressed by them; and in the freer discourse of the platform he had few equals. What power and impressiveness he sometimes gave to such discourse! Who of us who heard him will ever forget that closing speech at the great meeting of the American Board in this city, nine years ago, when he held the whole assembly in his hand, while he carried them to the far results of the missionary work, and to those scenes on high on which he looks now face to face,—till there was not one heart in the immense assembly which did not thrill and exult with the beautiful rapture with which he inspired them! till there was hardly an eye which was not full of joyful tears!

In all his work, the same strong, generous, consecrated personality went eagerly forth. Every one felt that he was a man of clear and strong convictions, pre-eminently faithful to them, and yet a man of the most generous, catholic, and sympathetic spirit. He loved truth in what-

ever form, but was as kind as he was faithful, as tender as he was heroic. Devoted and affectionate, kindly and kingly, he was one of the noblest and most attractive of the men whom it has been my privilege to meet; in fellowship with all who sought the truth and honored righteousness, while thoroughly consecrated to the Divine service.

So his work will live long after him. His power in this church will be here still for years to come. In this pulpit there will be, for how many years! an unseen presence, recognized by many worshipping here. The ministry of your coming pastor may be long, useful, honorable in itself, and full of rich Christian success. I trust and pray that so it may be. I doubt not, with God's grace, that so it will be. But there will be this presence still, never overshadowing him, never intruding itself for an instant between him and your minds, but giving weight to every earnest Christian word which he may speak, adding its benediction to every truth which he declares. In every circle in which he mingled, in the city such influence will remain; among the institutes, literary, humane, artistic, historical, in all the asylums and the societies, in whose work his mind was engaged, and to which he contributed so much of wisdom, of practical skill, of earnestness and enthusiasm,—in all of these his influence will be felt. It will be an abiding power in the city, when his name shall have ceased even to be heard on the lips of men; when there shall be few remaining who will remember his commanding and beautiful bearing and presence.

Yes! a good life never dies; a life with such charming and noble elements in it, by the inspiration of God's Spirit, never dies. I will not say "Farewell;" I only say "Good-bye, for a time," Brother and Friend, to meet again!

It is almost twenty-five years since I welcomed him with great delight to this pulpit, to which I had contributed my utmost, by argument and persuasive counsel, to lead him to come: and there has not been an interval of a moment, from that day to the day of his death, in which I

have not felt gladdened and refreshed by the consciousness that he was my neighbor and friend, my trusted and beloved Brother. I felt that the Lord had work for him here to do, for His glory, and for the highest welfare of man; and I knew that it would be done, even to the end, nobly and well. So I urged him to come, and have rejoiced in his presence. Against my wish, and hope, and prayer, as against those of how many others, God has now called him to the city above. I know that He has work for him there to do; and I know that it will be done in the same spirit, with perfect joy, and in the fulness of prophesied power. Here were the incipient wings, and there are the mighty and immortal pinions! Here was the imperfect apprehension of faith, and there is the vision face to face! What a contrast! "Sown in corruption, and raised in incorruption; sown in dishonor, and raised in glory; sown in weakness—a weakness how absolute!—and raised in power—a power how regal and complete! sown a natural body, and raised a spiritual body"—painless and perfect, transfigured like the Lord's! How often has he read those words, not knowing all that lay within them! He knows it now. I know not yet all that they mean. But I know him, brave and tender, faithful and sympathetic, consecrated and heroic! And I know that wherever there is love, and truth, and beauty, and duty, in the universe of God, no matter how far that universe may extend, wherever there is noble work to be accomplished, wherever is the sweet and lofty fellowship of the holy, wherever is the presence of God in Christ, inspiring praise, and flooding the soul with power and with glory, there is henceforth his radiant and celestial home! Good-bye, my Brother! In the Heavenly Jerusalem we shall meet again!

At the same time that he read to me the epitaph chosen by Dean Alford, he read to me also, for the first time, the noble hymn written by the Dean which was read and sung at the close of his funeral-service in the English churchyard, nine years ago next month. It seems to me that

with those lines we well may close this service, too, and that in their spirit we should go forth:—

“ Ten thousand times ten thousand,
 In sparkling raiment bright,
 The armies of the ransomed saints
 Throng up the steepes of light:
 ’Tis finished—all is finished,
 Their fight with death and sin;
 Fling open wide the golden gates,
 And let the victors in!

“ What rush of Hallelujahs
 Fills all the earth and sky!
 What ringing of a thousand harps
 Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
 O Day, for which Creation
 And all its tribes were made!
 O Joy, for all its former woes
 A thousand fold repaid!

“ O then what raptured greetings
 On Canaan’s happy shore!
 What knitting severed friendships up,
 Where partings are no more!
 Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
 That brimmed with tears of late;
 Orphans no longer fatherless,
 Nor widows desolate.

“ Bring near thy great salvation,
 Thou Lamb for sinners slain!
 Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
 Then take Thy power, and reign!
 Appear, Desire of Nations,—
 Thine exiles long for home!
 Show in the heaven thy promised sign:
 Thou Prince and Saviour, come !”

He read these lines to me, with eyes brimmed with tears, and with a voice trembling with emotion. He now from on high repeats them to us, with his voice ringing in celestial cadences, and with eyes bathed in immortal light!

CLOSING PRAYER, BY REV. RAY PALMER, D.D.

O thou ever living and ever blessed God! Thou art the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. Thou hast been in all ages the refuge of thy people—a present help in the time of trouble. We have abundant reason to know that it is a ground of joy to all the earth that the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.

We come together to-day under circumstances which so affect our hearts that we might well sit together in silence before thee; but we feel, our Father, our Redeemer, our Sanctifier, our Covenant God, that we have a solemn duty to perform—the duty of uniting in one earnest offering of thanksgiving to thee, who art the giver of all blessings. We thank thee on behalf of our brother, on whose account we have met together to-day. We thank thee for his being, and for his gifts, and for the training by which thou didst prepare him for the life-work appointed for him. We thank thee that thou didst fit him to fill such a position in thy service. We thank thee, O thou Divine Comforter, that thou didst so thoroughly enter into his mind and heart, and so sanctify his powers, as to make him a blessing to all who felt his influence. We thank thee that, through the long years of his service as a minister of Christ, thou didst uphold him and spiritually enrich him, and give him grace to speak such words of faithful testimony to the love that redeemed the world; and we praise thee for all the good he has accomplished in the midst of his own people and of this community. We thank thee that when thou wouldst make him perfect, and hadst called him to fellowship with Christ in suffering, thou didst give him at length peacefully to pass away from these scenes of earthly labor, that he might enter into the joy of the Lord and begin those higher and nobler services that are to be his forever. We rejoice with him to-day. He has ended his earthly warfare. He has entered into rest with God. He has come unto Mount Zion and unto the City of the Living God, the Heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of Angels, to

the General Assembly and Church of the First Born which are written in Heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the Mediator of the New Covenant. Accept our thanks, O God, for all that thou hast now made him, and for all that he was permitted to do on earth.

We implore thy blessing upon those who, by his removal from earth, find the circle of their affections broken. We pray that thou wilt come with divine comforts into this family out of which thou hast taken the husband and father O thou gracious Saviour, who hast thyself lived amid these earthly scenes and hast experienced the sorrows of hearts that suffer here, we pray that the peace of God that passeth all understanding may be poured into the bereaved heart which thou hast touched most tenderly of all; and grant, we pray thee, to the children, that the counsels and memories of this father, so loved and honored, may abide with them continually and help to mould their characters, and to draw them more and more to Christ. Grant that thy saving grace may descend upon all this household. May they set their affections on things above, comforting themselves in the divine promises, and so, as one family, become prepared to be reunited again in that blessed fellowship above, which never shall be broken.

We beseech thee also, our Father in Heaven, to enable those of us who have been associated with our departed brother as ministers of Christ to receive to our profit the lesson given us to-day. We are all mourners. We have lost a brother beloved, a friend, a counsellor. May we be stimulated by his example of fidelity to his Lord; and each of us, at last, be recognized of Christ, as we trust that he has been, as a good and faithful servant. On all who are present to-day wilt thou bestow thy blessing; on this people who sorrow for the loss of their faithful pastor; and on the people of this city who have known and honored him so long. Grant, we beseech thee, thou gracious God, that their hearts may be opened to the Gospel which he preached and the Saviour whom he loved. We rejoice, O Christ, that though thy servants die, thou ever

livest, and wilt at length make the whole earth glad through that Gospel which giveth life and strength and beauty. Let thy holy kingdom come!

And now, Lord, let thy peace be with us. When our last act of love shall have been performed, and this body shall have been committed to the grave in faith and hope, may we return to our homes to fill up the measure of our days in the love and service of God in Christ. Then bring us every one to that blessed world where there is no more death, where the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne shall feed his servants and lead them to living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

We ask these, and all other blessings of which we stand in need, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

CLOSING HYMN, READ BY REV. L. W. BANCROFT, D.D.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me!
 Let me hide myself in thee;
 Let the water and the blood,
 From Thy wounded side that flowed,
 Be of sin the double cure;
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labor of my hand
 Can fulfil the law's demand;
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears forever flow,
 All for sin could not atone,
 Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
 Simply to Thy cross I cling;
 Naked, come to Thee for dress,
 Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
 Vile, I to the fountain fly,
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me !
Let me hide myself in Thee.

BENEDICTION BY REV. L. W. BANCROFT, D.D.

The peace of God, that passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God, and of his Son Jesus Christ our Lord. And the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, be amongst you, and remain with you always. Amen.

RESOLUTIONS OF PUBLIC BODIES.

CHARLESTOWN, MASS., December 12, 1879.

AT a meeting of the First Parish Church held this evening it was

Voted, That this church receive with sorrow the intelligence of the death of William Ives Budington, D.D., a former pastor of this church.

Resolved, That the consecration of his early manhood, for a period of more than fourteen years, to the interests of this church, greatly to her spiritual prosperity and growth, during which, also, he prepared and dedicated to her a valued memorial of her early history, calls upon us to place upon record our grateful appreciation of the labors he performed here.

Voted, That a copy of these votes and resolutions be entered upon the records of the church, and also that a copy be sent to the family of the deceased.

CLINTON AVENUE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, DECEMBER 5, 1879.

REV. WILLIAM IVES BUDINGTON, D.D.

UNDER the shadow of a profound grief and oppressed by the weight of our sore bereavement, we, the members of the Clinton Avenue Congregational Church, while bowing with submission to the dispensation of Providence, which has removed our loved and honored pastor, Rev. William Ives Budington, D.D., who "entered into life" November 29th, 1879, would record on our minutes a tribute of our esteem and love for one whose spiritual oversight and guidance we have enjoyed so long. It is a privilege that we could not too highly prize to have been connected in such tender relations with one who imbibed so deeply the spirit of the Great Teacher; and now that he is taken from our presence, and all that we have left is the memory of what he was, and the impressions made on mind and character by his influence and instructions, we would testify our appreciation of his worth.

In all the relations which Dr. Budington sustained to this church in the nearly twenty-five years of his pastorate, he proved his rare

qualifications for the responsible trust. Coming to it in its early growth, he was largely instrumental in laying the foundations of its future success. With wise forecast and far-reaching sagacity he planned for the time when this section of the city, which then was sparsely settled, should be crowded with an intelligent population. He at once became the centre of attraction to incoming families seeking a church home, and his personal magnetism and his social traits, combined with the higher graces of heart and mind, have made him ever since the living personal bond of union of our membership, and the influential spring of the activities with which this church has been identified through his inspiring leadership.

To how many through these years has he been the spiritual father, leading them into the new life of love and service for Christ! To how many from the depths of his spiritual experience has he proved a guide into the higher walks of Christian attainment! To how many has his favorite ideal of "pure religion and undefiled" indicated the inseparable connection between a Christian profession and a life of active service, and opened through the channels of our church visitation work the opportunities of personal labor for Christ and for humanity! To how many has his firm, enlightened, unwavering faith, holding fast to the sure Word of God, confirmed rather than shaken by the theories of science, of which he was an ardent student, proved a bulwark and a defence when their timid fears led them to hesitate and doubt! To how many sorrowing, broken hearts, mourning the loss of their dearest, and refusing to be comforted, has he proved the Angel of Consolation, sharing with tender sympathy their inmost grief, and leading the stricken soul to Him who could "give the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness"! To how many—yes, to all of us—has he proved the wise counsellor, the gifted teacher, the faithful pastor, the tender, loving, sympathizing friend! And the thought that for the last time we have looked upon his benignant face, and heard his inspiring, eloquent, and loving words, comes to us with a sadness and pain that we cannot repress. For what he was to us, and for what, without neglecting his duties to us, he was to the neighborhood, to the city, to the great cause of benevolence and humanity the world around—to every appeal of which his noble heart was quickly responsive—we shall ever be grateful to the Great Giver who gave him to us, and permitted him to spend with us his well-rounded life of honor and usefulness.

How gladly would we have averted the long and bitter sorrow and pain through which that precious life was called to close; but how bravely and patiently did he meet the trial sent upon him! From that chamber of suffering no word of murmuring ever came to us. That one so lovely, spotless, and pure should have been called to drink so deeply of the bitter cup is indeed a mystery. But with

chastened sorrow and firm belief in Him "who doeth all things well," we will yet say with profound submission, "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight."

Our loved and honored teacher, pastor, friend, has passed to his glorious reward. The record of the life of one who was indeed "thoroughly furnished unto all good works" is left deeply written in our hearts and lives. Much as we cherished him, and deeply as our sorrows and our sympathies cling about his beloved wife and family, we would honor his memory, not by repining and idle grief, but by carrying on the work he began so nobly, by remembering the words he spake while he was yet with us, by exemplifying in consecrated lives the teaching of his faithful life, and by ever showing the sincerity of our faith and love for his Master and ours, by walking in his footsteps here till we are called to join him in his heavenly home.

THE WOMAN'S UNION MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

41 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK, December 13, 1879.

WITH feelings of tenderest sympathy, the Board of the Woman's Union Missionary Society desire to express their sorrow for the deep shadow which has fallen upon the heart and home of their beloved associate and Vice-President, Mrs. W. I. Budington, and also to record their own grief in this great bereavement. Therefore,

Resolved, That the tidings of the death of Rev. Dr. Budington, late pastor of Clinton Avenue Congregational Church, bring to this society a peculiar sense of loss, awakening remembrances of what the name and influence of this Christian minister has ever been to our beloved work. The warm sympathy, approval, and open commendation of Dr. Budington were inwrought into the very origin and organization of this Society, and from that time onward his personal aid, his church and Sabbath-school, his pulpit, and his home were made free with kindest welcome to the undenominational Union work which sought to clasp together in one the hands of American mothers and daughters with the hands of mothers and daughters of India, China, and Japan. The central idea and aim of Dr. Budington's ministry, which was the calling forth of personal service in the church, led him to grasp this new and unostentatious branch of woman's work as peculiarly adapted to develop and give expression to Christian character among the young. The first of a long succession, "The Pioneer Mission Band," was like a consecrated child of the church, named by this pastor, in a meeting at his own house, and its work and welfare were dear to his heart.

In the growth and prosperity of our Society, as years went by, Dr. Budington ever manifested appreciative interest and intelligent sympathy. During the convention which was held in the Church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn, and lasted three days, he bore the cause upon his heart from first to last, taking part in its opening evening exercises, often looking in, and referring to its sessions in his pulpit the following Sabbath as a remarkable and memorable scene.

There was no service, public or private, which Dr. Budington was not ready to perform in behalf of the society : to say tender words of farewell to our missionaries ; to stimulate by his eloquence to greater zeal at home ; to appeal for needed funds ; *he has done them all*, with the grace and courtesy which was his personal characteristic, and the ardor of Christian devotion which heartily believed in the special form of foreign mission work which we sought to do.

We mourn the loss of this strong and faithful friend, asking with sad hearts, "Who can take his place?" We look above, and our grief is not unmixed with joy as we think of the ever-growing company of the redeemed in heaven, who once walked with us on earth, but now rest from their labors and their works do follow them.

Resolved, That a copy of this resolution be sent to the family and the church of the late Dr. Budington.

MRS. JACOB LEROY, *President*.

MISS S. D. DOREMUS, *Cor. Secretary*.

MISS J. ABEEL, *Rec. Secretary*.

MRS. J. E. JOHNSON, *Asst. Treasurer*.

MINUTES ADOPTED BY THE LONG ISLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY, DECEMBER 16, 1879.

THE Rev. William Ives Budington, D.D., died on Saturday, November 29th, 1879.

He was born at New Haven, Ct., April 21st, 1815. Having graduated at Yale College in 1834, he first pursued his theological studies at New Haven, and then at Andover, where in 1839 he completed his preparations for the ministry. He was ordained pastor of the First Church in Charlestown, Mass., April 22d, 1840, and continued his Christian labors there for fourteen years. In 1854 he preached a short time for a Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia, till he accepted a call to Brooklyn, April 20th, 1855, as pastor of the Clinton Avenue Congregational Church. The next year he received from Amherst College the degree of Doctor of Divinity. After a long and eminently successful ministry in this city, he was obliged, in consequence of the painful disease that finally terminated his life, to sur-

render his post of duty and retire from active service, only to find himself, however, at once elected as pastor emeritus of his beloved church, and made the recipient of other and abundant tokens of the gratitude and affection of his people.

The fine intellectual gifts and scholarly attainments, the rare spiritual graces and earnest fidelity to his profession, which distinguished Dr. Budington not only won for him in an unusual degree the esteem and love of the churches to which he successively and specially ministered, but also secured for him a wide and permanent influence for good in large Christian communions of various names. His ardent and efficient labors in behalf of the evangelization of the world, and in furtherance of the literary, educational, humane, and patriotic enterprises and interests of the community in which he lived, now cause his death to be lamented as, in no ordinary sense, a public loss.

Among the many institutions of Brooklyn which he greatly befriended was the Long Island Historical Society. He was a member and also a director of it from the time of its formation until his decease. With a view to a suitable record of our testimony to the excellence and usefulness of our departed associate, we would here express our grateful appreciation of his wise and helpful counsels in this as in other departments of his service; our cherished remembrance of his instructive and eloquent interpretations, from time to time of the events and lessons of the past; our sincere admiration of his exalted and beautiful character, in which his amiable, tender, and winning qualities were so harmoniously blended with his stern and inflexible truth, justice, and rectitude; our heartfelt sorrow that we shall henceforth miss his genial presence and welcome words in social scenes or official relations which he did so much to make pleasant and profitable to us; our profound sympathy with his family in the sore bereavement with which they have been visited, and the exceeding comfort which we are permitted to share with them in the thought of the glorious reward that now crowns his pure, self-sacrificing, patient, and triumphant spirit.

ADELPHI ACADEMY, BROOKLYN, DECEMBER 16, 1879.

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Adelphi Academy, held at the Academy on Monday, the 15th day of December, 1879, the following preamble and resolution was unanimously adopted:

Whereas, since the last meeting of this Board, the Rev. William Ives Budington, D.D., has departed this life;

And *Whereas*, his connection with the Board and his services in

behalf of the Aldelphi Academy, and his long association with its several interests, demand recognition at our hands and mention in our records :

Therefore, *Resolved*, That while we all have sympathized in the deep sorrow which has fallen upon his family, his church, and this whole community, we also feel very keenly a special loss, as of one to whom the best welfare of the institution under our charge was very dear. Of his constant zeal in the general cause of the highest education nothing adequate can here be said. It would be simply to tell the story of his life; to write the biography of the man. When our Academy was placed upon its present basis, everything pointed to him as the fittest person to fill the position of its chief executive. He was accordingly unanimously elected our first president. How faithfully and conscientiously, and in emergencies how helpfully, and at all times how far more than satisfactorily, he filled that office is fresh in all our memories. How fair he always was, how courteous, and how kind ! There can be no pleasanter reminiscences of the past as connected with this Board than those scenes where Dr. Budington presided over and mingled in its counsels. The progress of the institution was his constant care. He watched over it as a father watches over his children. The minutest details of its management were not too small for him, and the anxious solicitude always manifested that all connected with it should move harmoniously, "decently and in order," marked the depth of his love for this work. Indeed it may not be questioned that the standing of the Academy to-day on the very high plane it occupies is due in large measure to his personal interest, his personal liberality, his personal influence. While we thus all too feebly and briefly record what he was to us, we would also in conclusion propose his example as our model for the future, and renewedly pledge ourselves to this community to carry out the end he so fostered and cherished, until it shall reach the highest pinnacle of excellence.

CONGREGATIONAL CLERICAL UNION OF NEW YORK.

THE members of the Congregational Clerical Union of New York and vicinity, having learned, with sorrow, of the removal by death of their honored and beloved brother, Rev. Dr. William Ives Budington, do hereby record their high estimate of his personal and ministerial gifts and graces which have made his work for the Master through a long period of years so conspicuously fruitful; the appreciation of his steadfast adherence to the faith of the New England Fathers, and his eminent services in behalf of our local and national missionary enterprises, our institutions of learning, and in plans of

practical beneficence. We shall reverently cherish the memory of his pure, unblemished life, of his toilful labors, of his patient and heroic endurance of the sufferings which closed them. We bow before that dispensation of Divine Providence which has thus taken from us, from a beloved household, and an honored church "the strong staff and the beautiful rod," and humbly invoke, in behalf of them and ourselves, that consoling grace which alone can sustain in this hour of need, and can sanctify this present loss to our eternal gain.

The Union voted to attend the funeral in a body.

BROOKLYN CLERICAL UNION, NOVEMBER 29, 1879.

THE Brooklyn Clerical Union, learning that Rev. W. I. Budington, D.D., a member of this body from its organization—more than twenty-three years ago—and a brother beloved by us all, has this day been taken from us, desire to express our sense of personal loss, and to record our grateful recollection of his genial and helpful association with us.

While critical, even to severity, in his tastes, exacting in his search after principles, tenacious of convictions when reached, and unflinchingly rigorous in their application, Dr. Budington was still among the most considerate, modest, gentle, and affectionate of men.

A careful reader, an observant traveller, a patient and discriminating thinker, his conversation was always instructive and stimulating; a sensitive, upright, generous, high-minded man, his companionship was ennobling and refining. Above all, his spirit was so suffused with the simplicity and unselfishness of Christianity that "the beauty of holiness" revealed in him best witnessed for the ministry he exercised and the religion he professed.

Sorrowing with the stricken household, the church he served so long and well, and the community whose lengthening years had brought increasing love, that we shall "see his face no more," we yet rejoice with them in the bright after-glow of a radiant life here, and in the assurance that life has issued into a brighter morning beyond.

MANHATTAN CONGREGATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

Resolved, That the members of the Manhattan Association of Congregational Ministers desire to record their very deep sense of what this Association has lost in the death of our beloved and venerated brother, the Rev. Wm. Ives Budington, D.D., who, since they last

met, has finished his earthly labors and ascended to minister in the service of the eternal temple.

Knowing him as we all knew him, loving him as we all loved him, remembering, as we all remember, the zeal and ability, the fraternal kindness and Christian courtesy, which he habitually exhibited in this body, of which he was one of the original and most honored members,—we wish, as cherishing affectionate memories of what he was to us as our associate and friend, to bear our united testimony to his admirable character, and to the high place he held in all our hearts.

Resolved, That in the death of Dr. Budington, not only this Association, the Congregational ministry, the church he so long served, and the city which was the chief scene of his labors, but also the Christian Church Catholic and the world, have suffered a loss which it is difficult fully to appreciate; that we gratefully recall the gentlemanly urbanity which marked his intercourse with others, the Christian guilelessness, combined with manly dignity, for which he was so distinguished; his practical wisdom, his scholarly acquirements, and cultivated taste; his exemplary fidelity as a pastor and preacher, and his hearty co-operation in benevolent Christian work, above all, the Christlike spirit and devotion to duty manifested in the daily contacts of his life, by all which he has left a stimulating example, and has won for himself a place of enduring honor in the wide circle within which his name and character were known; and finally that, though we shall see his face and hear his friendly voice no more, we rejoice that his influence still lives, and will long live, to enrich and bless the world.

Resolved, That the Secretary of the Association be requested to send a copy of these resolutions, with the assurance of our sincerest sympathy, to the family of Dr. Budington, and to the clerk of the Clinton Avenue Congregational Church.

NEW YORK, January 27th, 1880.



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